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An excellent new Ballad, shewing the Petigree of our Royall King IAMES, the first of that name in England. To the tune of, *Gallants all come mourne with mee.*

ENgland with chearfull hart giue care,
to that my Muse shall now declare:
This no base thing I take in hand,
but what brings comfort to this land:
The Petigree of a noble King.
whose name to thee doth Honour bring.
O Hone, honinonero, tarrararara,
tarrararatara hone.

The dreadfull sting of cruell death,
hath stopt ELIZAS princely breath:
And to her ioy, she now is gone,
to heaven for an Angels throne
Leaving her Honours and her Crowne,
to princely IAMES, of great renowne.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

Shee ruled hath mongst vs long time,
in spight of those that did repine;
And sought to stop her princely breath;
but yet shee dide a naturall death.
And to our comfort God did send
King IAMES, his Gospell to defend.
O hone, honinonero, &c.

The Romish Pope, who many a day,
hath looked for a violent pray,
Frustrate by Wisedomes power and care,
Is readie now for to dispaire:
And in a sound he sinketh downe,
now noble James hath got the Crowne
O hone, honinonero. &c.

With his raigne doth the Spring begin,
as Usher for to bring him in:
Which in consent doth well agree
withe'peere, the incarnate word to bee:
And in that month greeting by fate,
by th'old world to wisedome dedicate.
O hone, honinonero. &c.

And I deuine thus by the peere:
England shall haue no other peere:
But in his line it shall remaine,
In spight of Pope and cruell Spaine,
Euen vntill the day of Doome,
that Christ to iudgement downe shal come
O hone, honinonero &c.

Eight hundred myles his Empire goes
in length, spight of all his foes.
From Cornewall, to past Caledon,
is knowne to be King James his owne.
Halfe which her bosome forth doth lay,
from Germanie to the Virginian sea.
O hone, honinonero. &c.

A fertile soyle is Ireland,
now subiect to his glorious hand:
Yea all the Iles from famous Fraunce,
their chaine tops to him aduance:
Saturne to him resigns his chair
making the wealthy Mines
O hone, honinonero. &c.

Why Pen, why stayst thou to report
to satisfie the vulgar sort.
The Petigree of James our King,
whose fame throughout the world doth
The Irish scell a romish Spaine, (ring
shall tremble when they heare his name
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

O let my Pen your eares inchaunt,
to leave vnto braue John a Gaunt,
Of Edward the third fourth son was hee,
from whom we draw this petigree:
For he behinde him issue left,
John the Earle of Somerset.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

Which likewise left a sonne behinde,
called John of a noble minde:
The which was Duke of Somerset,
so made, for his atchiuements great,
The which did win him great renowne:
but heere I leaue to let them downe,
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

Which Duke had issue gentle Reader,
Margarete, matcht with Edmond Tuder
Which Edmond Tuder had a sonne,
Called Henrie Earle of Richmon:
Which Henrie after Richards death,
espoused faire Elizabeth.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

This Elizabeth of famous worth,
was daughter to K. Edward the fourth:
And thus by their predestinate bed,
they ioyned the White-rose and the Red:
To Englands great vnspeakable ioy,
And to our enemies sore anoy.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

By which most blest and happy vnite,
they had a Daughter, cald Margarete,
Fast matcht to Scottish James the fourth
which was a man of mickle worth:
Which Margaret to James did bring,
the fift of that name Scotlands King.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

This James a Daughter did possesse,
whose birth our sorrowes doth redresse
Called Marie, by her name,
a lady faire and princely Dame.
The more her fame for to aduaunce.
was matcht with Frauncis K. of Fraunce
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

But leaue we her in Fraunce a whyle,
and now come backe vnto the stile
Of Henries Daughter, Margaret,
whose blessed wombe brought our delight
Of Archeball Douglas she did wed,
Angus braue Earle, who issue bred.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

By her he had a Daughter bright,
cald by the name of Margaret,
To the Earle of Lenox wedded was shee,
and bore a Sonne named Henrie,
The which was called the Lord Darlie,
and after wedded the Scottish Marie.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

By whose most sweete and happy bed,
our sorrowes now are quight stroke dead
For to Lord Darlie she did bring
olde Brutaines hope, & Iames our king
As next of Henries line, 'boue other,
comming both by father and mother.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

England reioyce, and now giue prayse,
vnto the Lord, that so did rayse
Our sorrow full harts with hopes of ioy,
when we were drowned with sad anoy,
For losse of sweete Elizaes life,
looking for nothing more then strife.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

Yet God for vs did so prouide,
and holde vs vp when we did slide,
And as Eliza she is gone,
he sent an other to calc our mone.
King Iames is he by whose sweete breath
we still possesse Queene Elizabeth.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

For though her Corpes be wrapt in lead
and neere on this earth shall tread,
Yet do her Vertues still remaine,
without blot, blemish, or staine.
In noble Iames her vertues liue,
to whom God doth her honours giue.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

O noble King to England haste,
that our full pleasures we may taste:
For nothing now braues our despight,
but that we want our Prince his sight
Which if we had, we more should ioy,
then Lizaes death wrought our anoy.
O Hone, honinonero &c.

Now Englishmen leaue off your griefe,
For noble Iames brings vs reliefe:
Pull mourning Fethers from your head,
and flourish now in Yellow and Red.
Sing ioyfull Poems of his prayse,
that God may lengthen long his dayes.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

God graunt him mongst vs long to raigne
to be a scourge to Rome and Spaine:
That hating them, and all their wayes,
he still may strine Gods word to rayse.
And to defend the poore mans right,
that they be not orecome by might.
O Hone, honinonero. &c.

O Lord make thou his Counsell wise,
that they may giue him good aduise.
Bicsse the Commons, and all those
that seeke the ruine of his foes:
And may he die a thousand shames,
that with his heart loues not K. James.
O Hone. honinonero, tarrararara,
Tarrararara hone
FINIS.

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